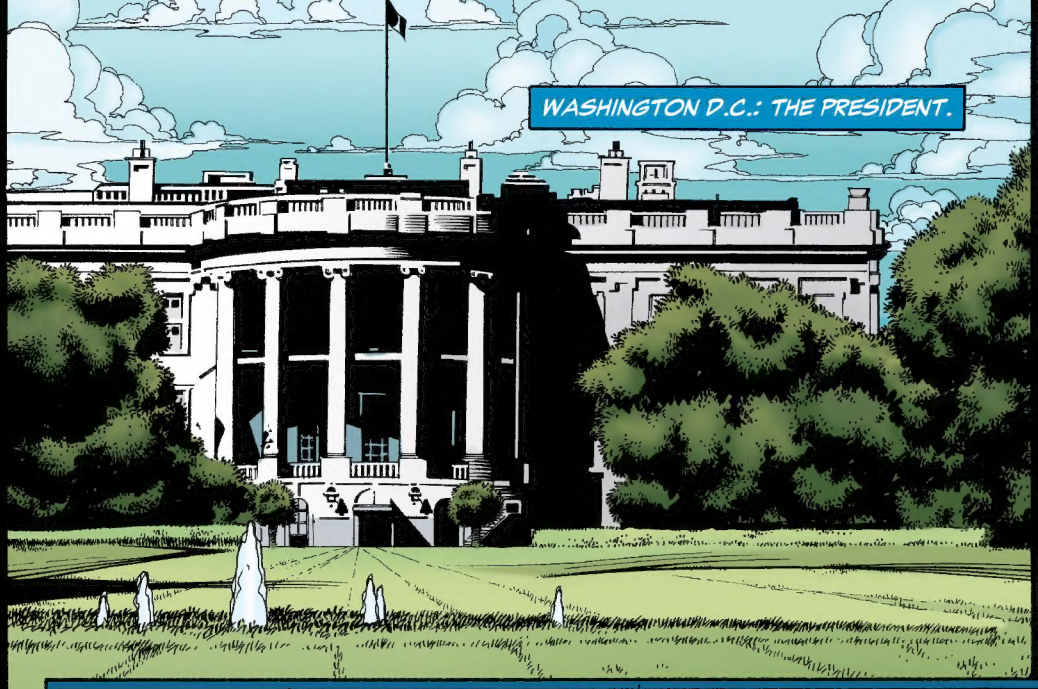
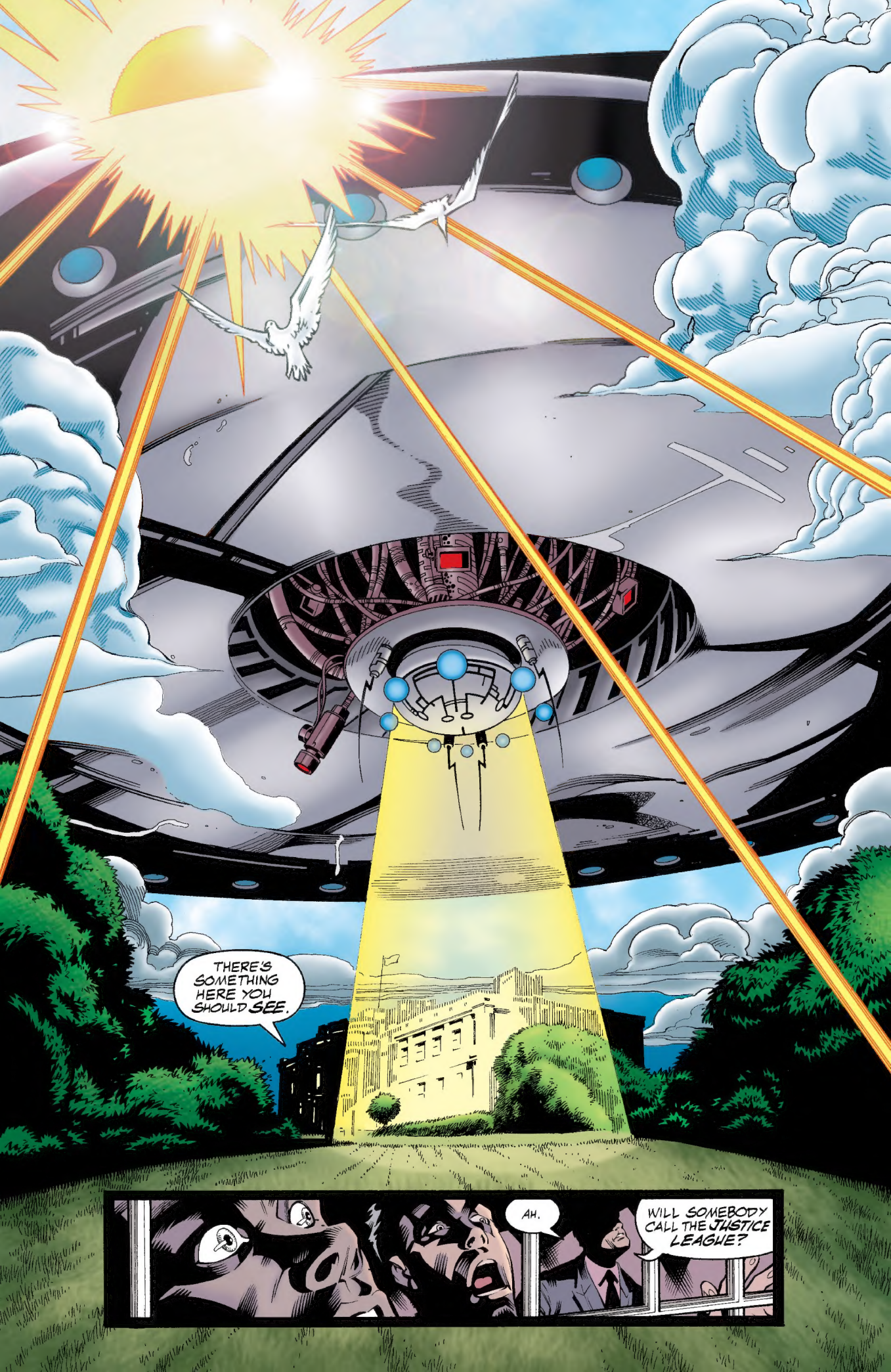
JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA®
JLA™
#1
JAN '97
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
GRANT MORRISON
HOWARD PORTER
JOHN DELL
dccomics.com
FGD



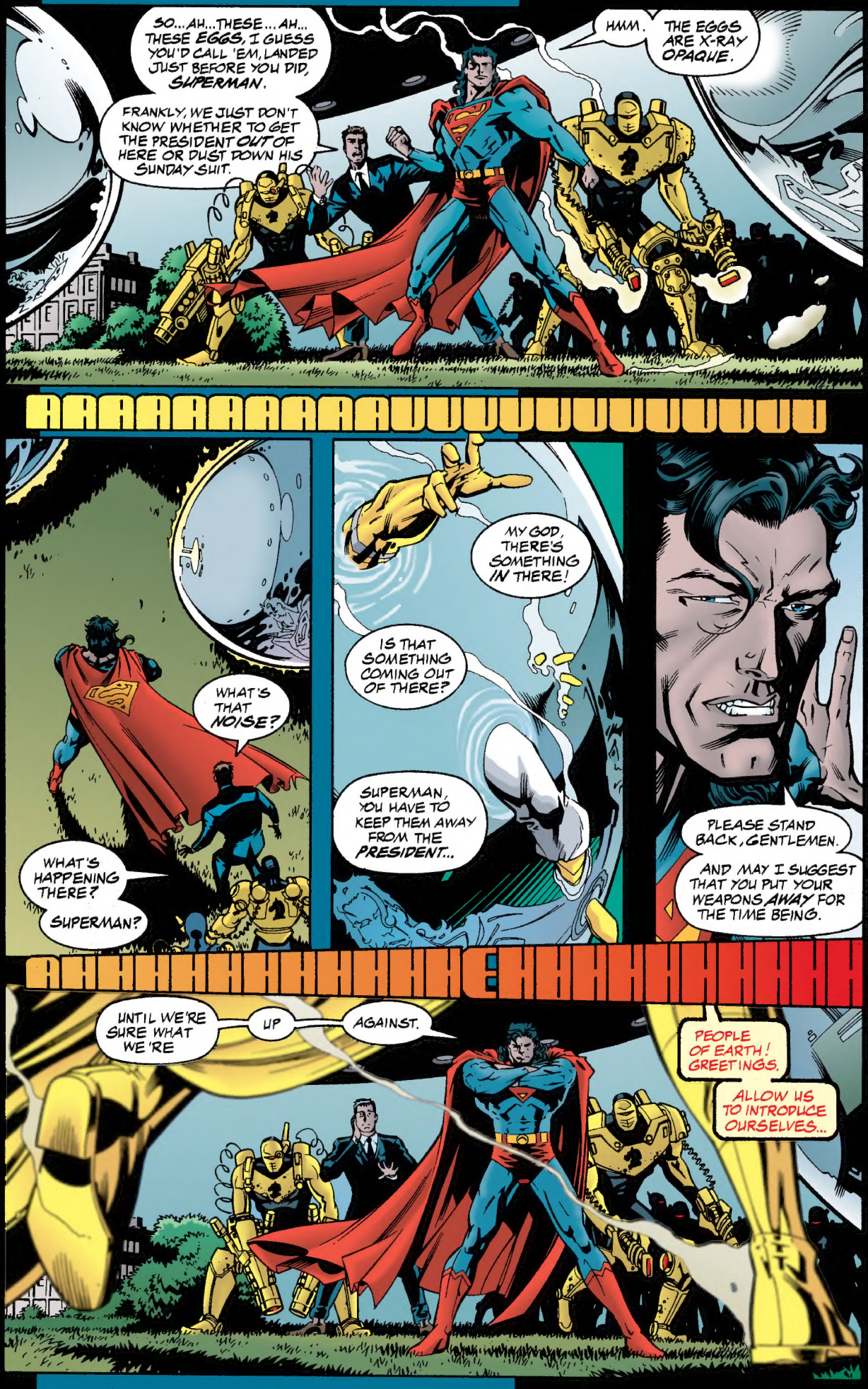
"... THAT'S WHAT HE SAID. HE JUST CAME RIGHT OUT WITH IT. GENERAL MCAULEY, HIS SCOTCH WHISKEY AND THREE LITTLE WORDS THAT ALMOST ENDED MY CAREER

SO NOW I HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO EL PRESIDENTE OR WHATEVER IT IS THIS JUMPED-UP BANDIT CALLS HIMSELF."

WHICH REMINDS ME. WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SUPERHUMAN ESCORT? WE WANT TO SHOW THIS GUY THAT WE HAVE SUPERPEOPLE COMING OUT OF OUR EARS.
AH... FIREHAWK? HE... AH... PULLED OUT, MR. PRESIDENT, SIR. HE, SHE, I DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHO FIREHAWK IS.
ANYWAY, HE GOT SICK, LOST HIS POWERS. I DON'T KNOW.


THERE'S SOMETHING HERE YOU SHOULD SEE.
AH.
WILL SOMEBODY CALL THE JUSTICE LEAGUE?

HOW DID WE MISS IT?
FREAKIN' THING CAME OUTTA NOWHERE. WE'RE TALKING MAJOR CAMOUFLAGE HERE.
WE GOT ANYONE ON FILE WITH THAT KINDA TECH?
I'LL CHECK.
YOU KNOW I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS, AL. I THOUGHT WE ONLY CAME UP HERE TO START CLEARING OUT OUR STUFF SO THE A-TEAM CAN MOVE IN.
IT'S BIG.
MUST BE A MILE ACROSS, REX.
YEAH. JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF SOME OF THE EGOS SOON TO BE CLASHING IN A JUSTICE LEAGUE REFUGE NEAR YOU.
EIGHT SMALLER OBJECTS DETACHING FROM THE MOTHERSHIP...
ALARMS ARE ON.
OH, AND I FORGOT TO MENTION--FIRE CALLED IN SICK. SHE LOST HER POWERS OR SOMETHING, I THINK.
HEY! NO SWEAT, KIDS. THE CRISIS IS OVER.
"THE BIG GUY'S ON THE CASE."

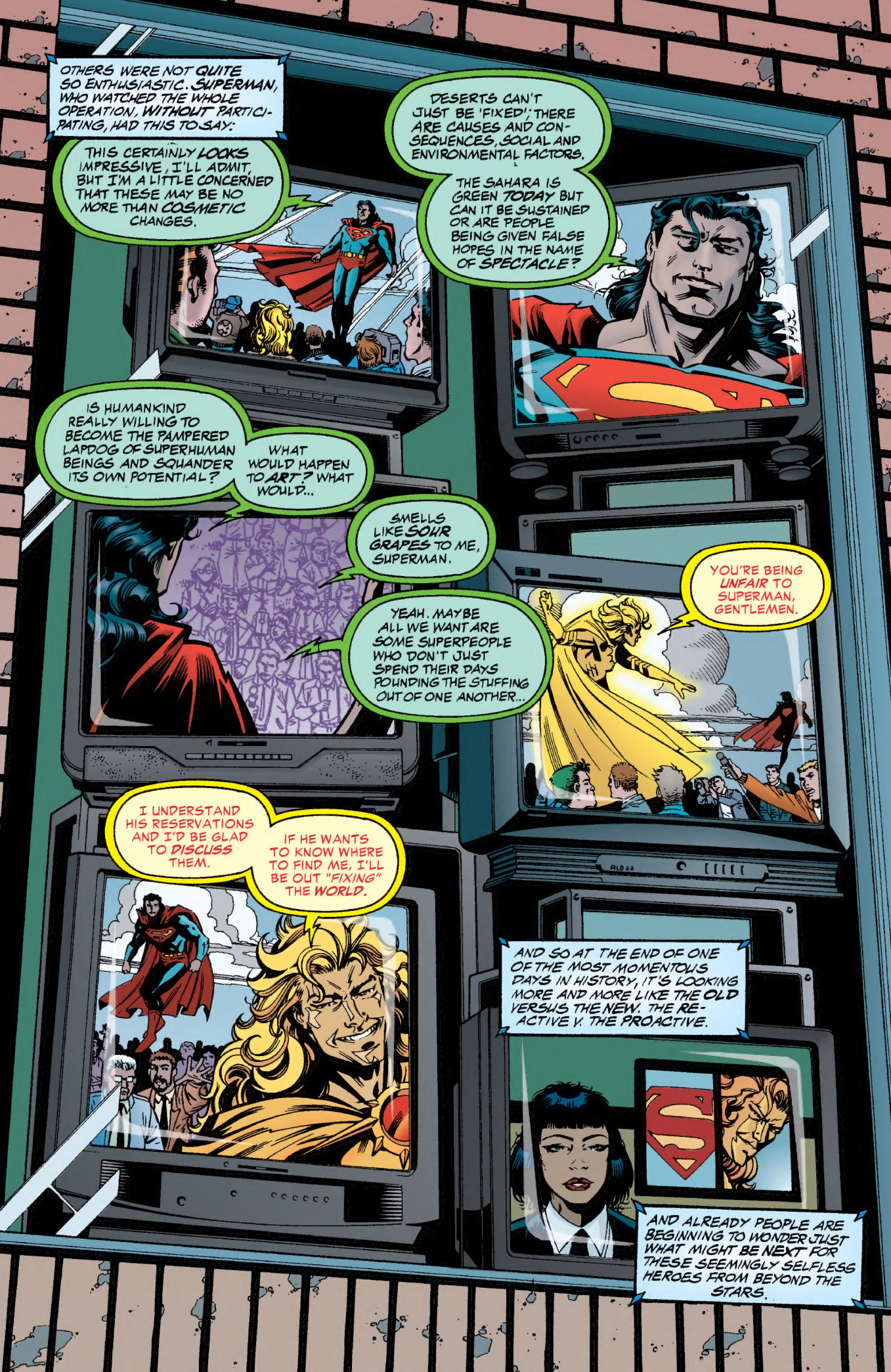

SO...AH...THESE...AH... THESE EGGS, I GUESS YOU'D CALL 'EM, LANDED JUST BEFORE YOU DID, SUPERMAN.
FRANKLY, WE JUST DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO GET THE PRESIDENT OUT OF HERE OR DUST DOWN HIS SUNDAY SUIT.
HMM. THE EGGS ARE X-RAY OPAQUE.
AAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUU
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE? SUPERMAN?
MY GOD, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE!
IS THAT SOMETHING COMING OUT OF THERE?
SUPERMAN, YOU HAVE TO KEEP THEM AWAY FROM THE PRESIDENT...
PLEASE STAND BACK, GENTLEMEN.
AND MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU PUT YOUR WEAPONS AWAY FOR THE TIME BEING.
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHEHHHHHHHHHH
UNTIL WE'RE SURE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.
PEOPLE OF EARTH! GREETINGS.
ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE OURSELVES...

THEM!
I AM PROTEX. WE ARE THE HYPERCLAN.
WE'VE COME TO SAVE THE WORLD.
GRANT MORRISON
WRITER
HOWARD PORTER
PENCILLER
JOHN DELL
INKER
PAT GARRAHY
COLORIST
HEROIC AGE
SEPARATIONS
KEN LOPEZ
LETTERER
AND
RUBEN DIAZ
EDITOR
WELCOME YOU TO A PROUD NEW ERA IN JUSTICE LEAGUE HISTORY!

PROTEX, THE LEADER OF THE ALIEN HYPERCLAN, WENT ON TO EXPLAIN HOW HIS OWN HOME PLANET HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY ITS INHABITANTS, LEAVING THE SUPERHUMAN SURVIVORS TO WANDER THE UNIVERSE IN SEARCH OF NEW WORLDS.
THE HYPERCLAN MEMBERS HAVE BEEN TRAVELLING FOR WHAT SCIENTISTS ESTIMATE MAY BE ANYTHING UP TO SEVERAL MILLION YEARS OF OUR TIME.
AND THEY BRING A POWERFUL MESSAGE FOR OUR PLANET:
OUR HOMEWORLD WAS DESTROYED BY NEGLIGENCE AND GREED AND PROFITEERING. OUR FORESTS WERE PULPED, OUR LAKES AND OCEANS CHOKED AND DIED. OUR PLAGUE WEAPONS RAN RIOT.
KEYSTONE CITY: THE FLASH.
WALLY, I KNOW THIS IS IMPORTANT BUT YOU DID SAY YOU'D PICK UP MY JACKET FROM THE DRY CLEANER'S DOWNTOWN AND THEY'LL BE CLOSING IN...
WE VOWED THAT IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN, AND FOR A THOUSAND GYRES, WE HAVE JOURNEYED THROUGH SPACE.
THERE YOU GO, LINDA. SORRY.
DID I MISS ANYTHING?
...FOR A WORLD LIKE THIS ONE.

GATEWAY CITY: WONDER WOMAN.
A WORLD ON WHICH WE COULD SUCCEED WHERE WE FAILED BEFORE.
HE LOOKS LIKE JIM MORRISON, DIANA! HE'S GORGEOUS!
NEW YORK: GREEN LANTERN.
WE ARE HERE TO HOUSE YOUR HOMELESS. WE ARE HERE TO FEED YOUR STARVING AND TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE YOU HAVE DONE TO YOUR BIOSPHERE.
DENVER: THE MARTIAN MANHUNTER.
WE ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL. BRING US YOUR PROBLEMS AND WE WILL GIVE YOU SOLUTIONS IN RETURN.
VHS
AUTOPSY
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
ALIENS
AND IF ANY OF YOUR NATIVE SUPERHUMAN COMMUNITY WISH TO HELP US, WE...WELCOME THEM.
WE WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU WHAT CAN BE DONE WHEN WILL IS STRONG, THE HEART IS PURE AND THE MIND IS CLEAR.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR ATTENTION.

... WITHIN ONLY A DAY OF THEIR BOMBSHELL ARRIVAL, THE HYPERCLAN HEROES HAVE ALREADY PRODUCED THEIR FIRST BONA FIDE MIRACLE.
IT BEGAN IN THE SKIES OVER THE SAHARA DESERT, WHERE PROTEX, PRIMAID, AND ARMEK CREATED THEIR OWN CLOUD-FACTORY USING CHILLED AIR AND PULSED ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES.
THEN, AS THE EYES OF THE WORLD WATCHED, ZENTURION AND A-MORTAL FERRIED IN THOUSANDS OF TONS OF FERTILE TOPSOIL, GATHERED FROM THE OCEAN BED AND FROM UNDER THE SOUTH POLAR ICE FIELDS.
WHILE SUPERFAST ZUM, TOGETHER WITH TRONIX AND THE SHAPECHANGING FLUXUS, SET TO WORK SEEDING WHAT WAS, UNTIL TODAY, THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WASTELAND.
IN A SINGLE DAY, THE ALIEN SAMARITANS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN TURNING HELL INTO HEAVEN, CREATING LUSH GARDENS WHERE, NOT SO LONG AGO, NOTHING COULD HOPE TO GROW.
A RAINSTORM, LOADED WITH HONEY AND WINE, PROVIDED A CELEBRATORY CLIMAX TO THE DAY'S EVENTS AND ONE LOOK AT THE FACES OF THESE LOCAL CHILDREN SUMMED UP THE FEELING.
UPZU NEWS

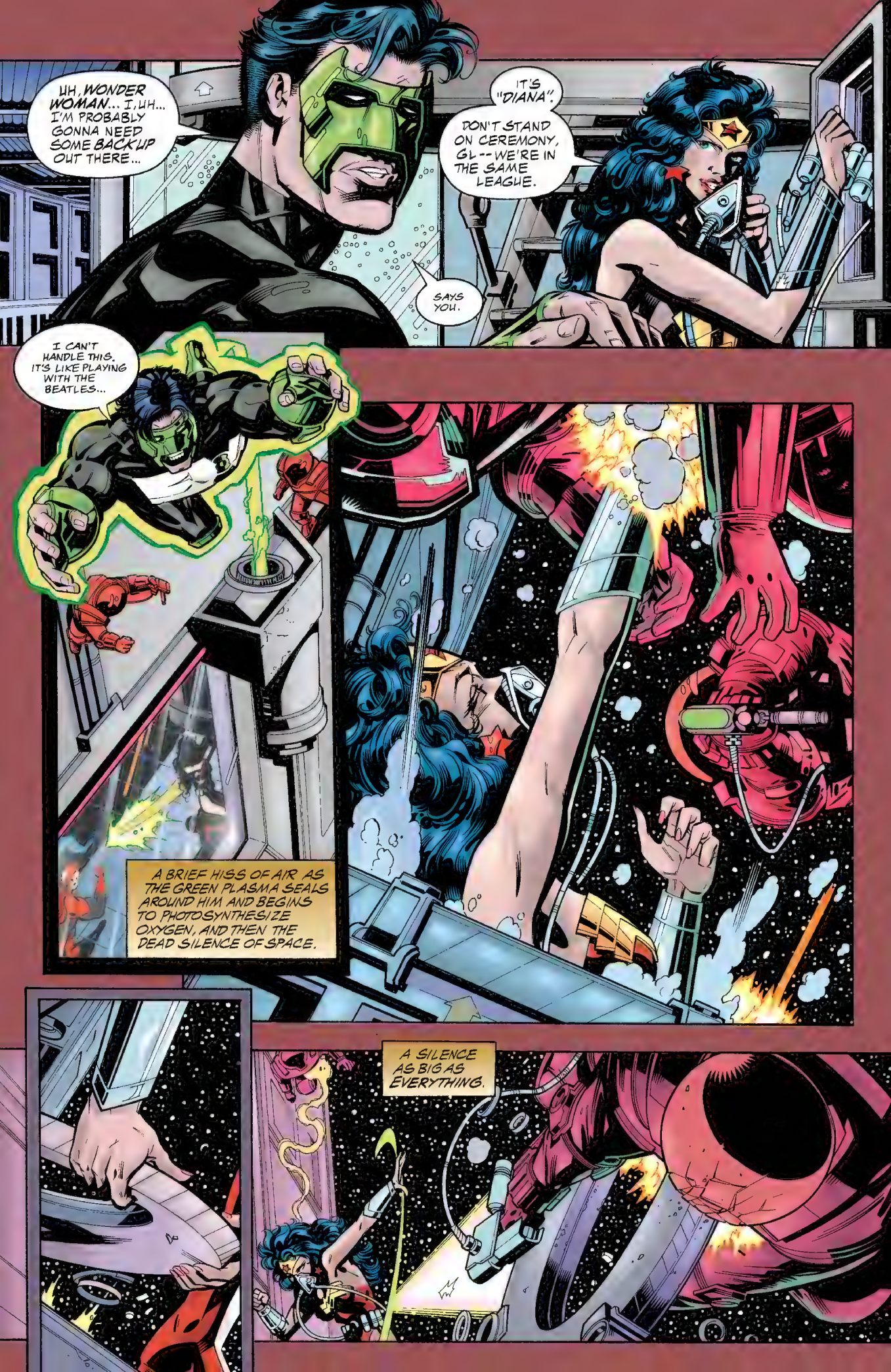

OTHERS WERE NOT QUITE SO ENTHUSIASTIC. SUPERMAN, WHO WATCHED THE WHOLE OPERATION, WITHOUT PARTICIPATING, HAD THIS TO SAY:
THIS CERTAINLY LOOKS IMPRESSIVE, I'LL ADMIT, BUT I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED THAT THESE MAY BE NO MORE THAN COSMETIC CHANGES.
DESERTS CAN'T JUST BE 'FIXED'; THERE ARE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, SOCIAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS.
THE SAHARA IS GREEN TODAY BUT CAN IT BE SUSTAINED OR ARE PEOPLE BEING GIVEN FALSE HOPES IN THE NAME OF SPECTACLE?
IS HUMANKIND REALLY WILLING TO BECOME THE PAMPERED LAPDOG OF SUPERHUMAN BEINGS AND SQUANDER ITS OWN POTENTIAL?
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ART? WHAT WOULD...
SMELLS LIKE SOUR GRAPES TO ME, SUPERMAN.
YEAH. MAYBE ALL WE WANT ARE SOME SUPERPEOPLE WHO DON'T JUST SPEND THEIR DAYS POUNDING THE STUFFING OUT OF ONE ANOTHER...
YOU'RE BEING UNFAIR TO SUPERMAN, GENTLEMEN.
I UNDERSTAND HIS RESERVATIONS AND I'D BE GLAD TO DISCUSS THEM.
IF HE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME, I'LL BE OUT "FIXING" THE WORLD.
AND SO AT THE END OF ONE OF THE MOST MOMENTOUS DAYS IN HISTORY, IT'S LOOKING MORE AND MORE LIKE THE OLD VERSUS THE NEW. THE REACTIVE V. THE PROACTIVE.
AND ALREADY PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO WONDER JUST WHAT MIGHT BE NEXT FOR THESE SEEMINGLY SELFLESS HEROES FROM BEYOND THE STARS.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, NO!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! THIS IS AGAINST THE LAW! THIS IS INHUMAN!
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK OF THE LAW NOW? WHEN DID YOU EVER DO ANYTHING BUT MOCK THE LAW?
I'M SORRY IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY, BUT YOU HAVE INJURED AND KILLED WITHOUT CONSCIENCE AND NOW IT ENDS. HERE.
YOUR JUDGEMENT.
HHHZZZZZZZZ
NNEEEEAAAAA!
...FOLLOWING THE DRAMATIC EXECUTIONS, THE JOKER, DR. POLARIS AND A NUMBER OF OTHER PROMINENT UNDERWORLD FIGURES ARE REPUTEDLY IN HIDING.
ALREADY SUPERCRIME FIGURES ARE SHOWING A SIGNIFICANT DECREASE, AND THE LATEST REPORTS FROM GOTHAM SUGGEST THAT SO-CALLED 'METACRIMES' HAVE DROPPED A MASSIVE 60%.

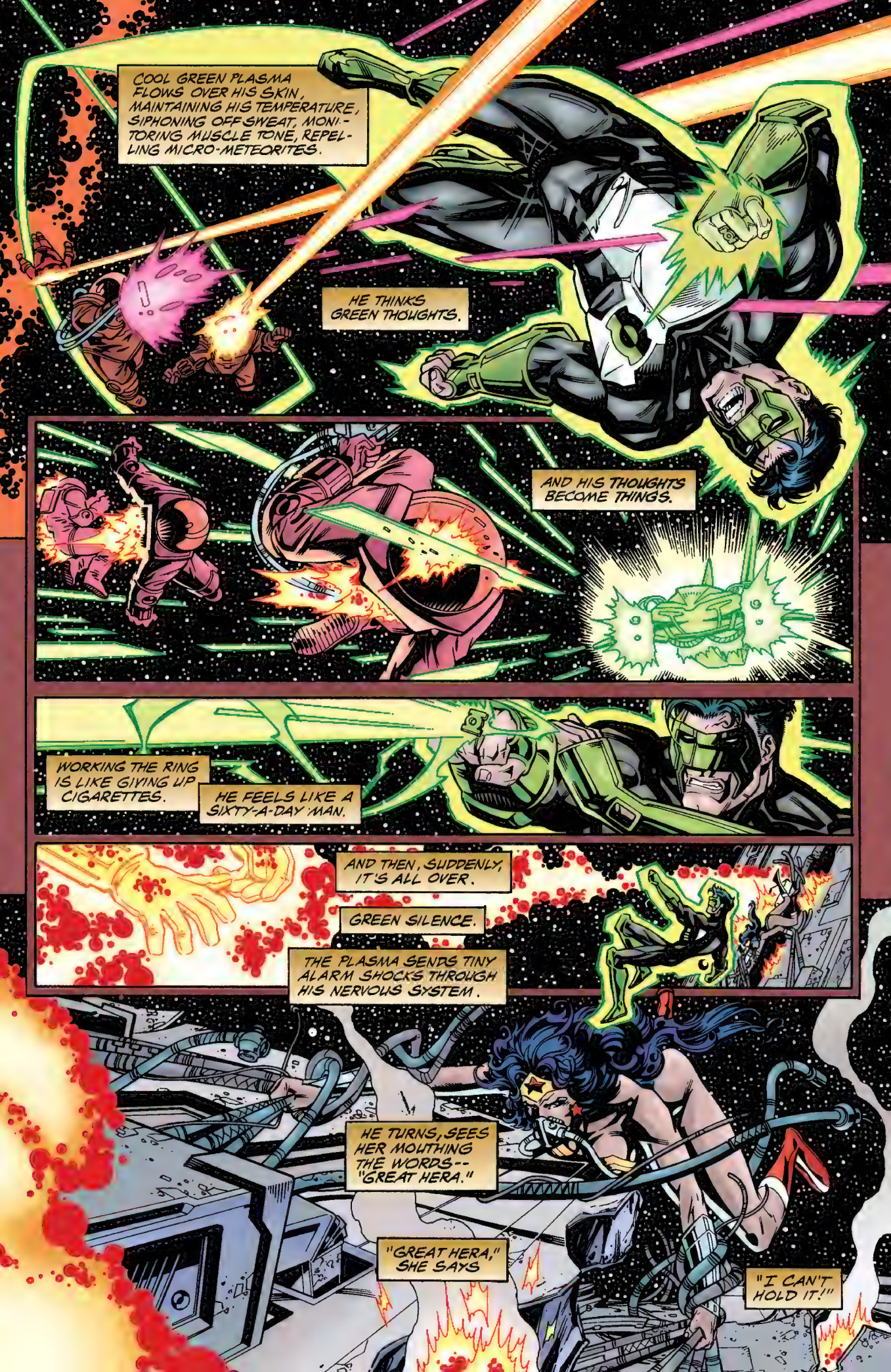
ON HEARING OF THE EXECUTIONS, SUPERMAN COMMENTED, 'IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN,' BUT IT SEEMS THAT HIS IS THE MINORITY VIEW.
ONE SURVEY SUGGESTED THAT AT LEAST 35% OF THE POPULATION WOULD BE HAPPY TO SEE MANDATORY EXECUTIONS FOR ALL TYPES OF SUPERCRIME.
IT MAY BE MILLENNIUM FEVER, BUT THE MEMBERS OF THE HYPERCLAN HAVE WHIPPED UP WINDS OF CHANGE WHICH LOOK SET TO SWEEP ACROSS THE ENTIRE WORLD...
'ARMEK'! 'ZENTURION'! THEY SOUND LIKE A LINE OF CHEAP TOYS!
WHY DON'T THEY GET THEMSELVES REGULAR NAMES, LIKE EVERY OTHER JOE IN SPANDEX?
WHAT, LIKE 'METAMORPHO, THE ELEMENT MAN'?
YEAH, RIGHT. SHOULDN'T YOU BE BUILDING SANDCASTLES WITH THE TEEN TITANS, KID?
SORRY I SPOKE.
YEAH, ME TOO. I...
TRACES! I'M PICKING UP LIFEFORM TRACES. HOW CAN THERE BE...
THEY'RE COMING OUT OF NOWHERE!
FOUR, FIVE, SIX OF 'EM!

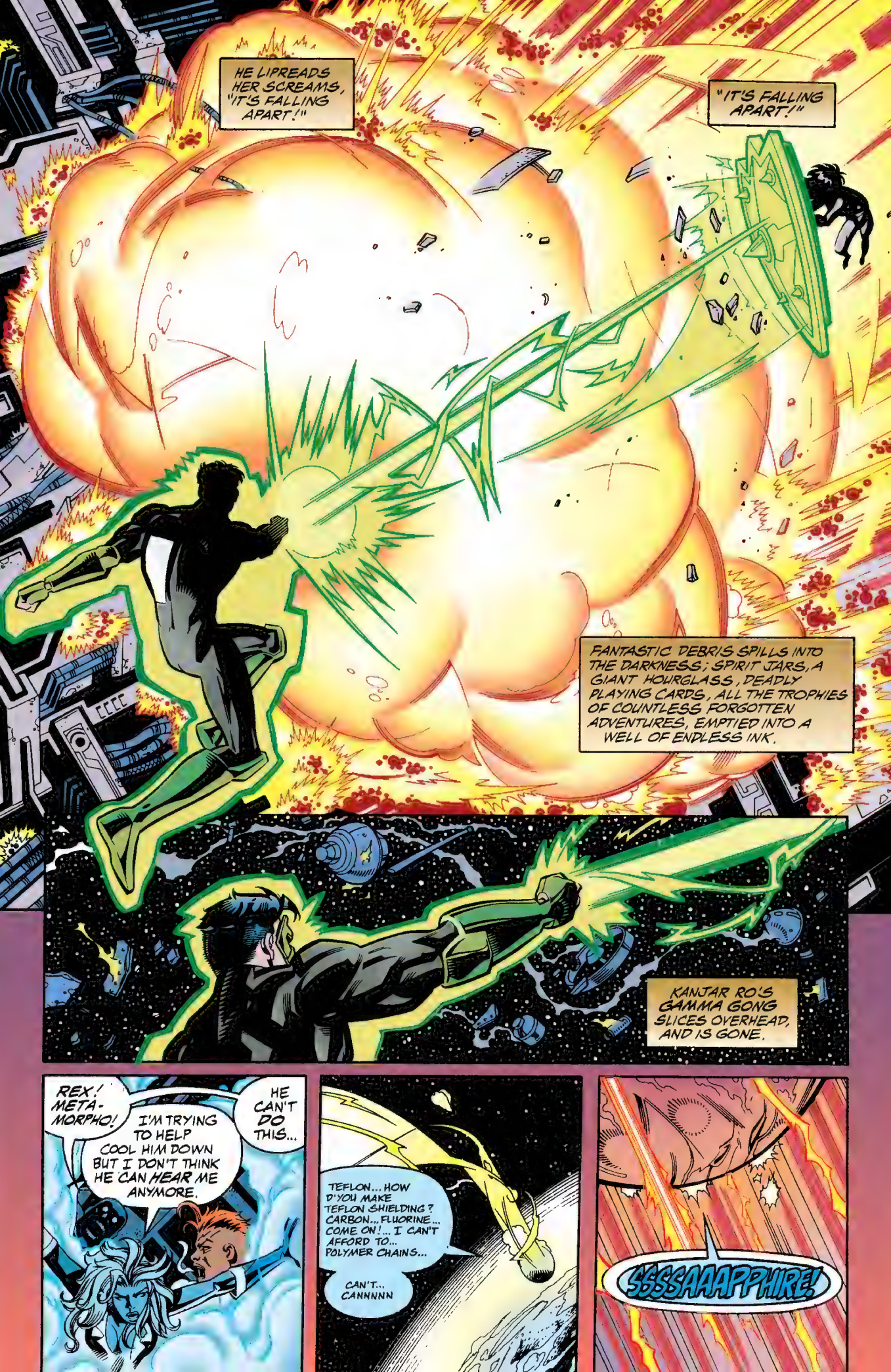
WHAT WAS THAT?
ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE, KID. TOOK OUT THE POWER.
GIMME A SECOND: IF I CHANGE INTO PHOSPHOR I CAN USE THAT RADIATION THEY HIT US WITH.
THERE YOU GO. PHOSPHOR AFTER ELECTROMAGNETIC BOMBARDMENT. FOURTH OF JULY, HUH?
LIFE SUPPORT'S DOWN. YOU GOT ANY GREAT IDEAS, KID?
YEAH. HOW ABOUT FOR A START YOU STOP CALLING ME...
AND I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF BACKUP SYSTEMS. THIS IS OUT OF CONTROL!
WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

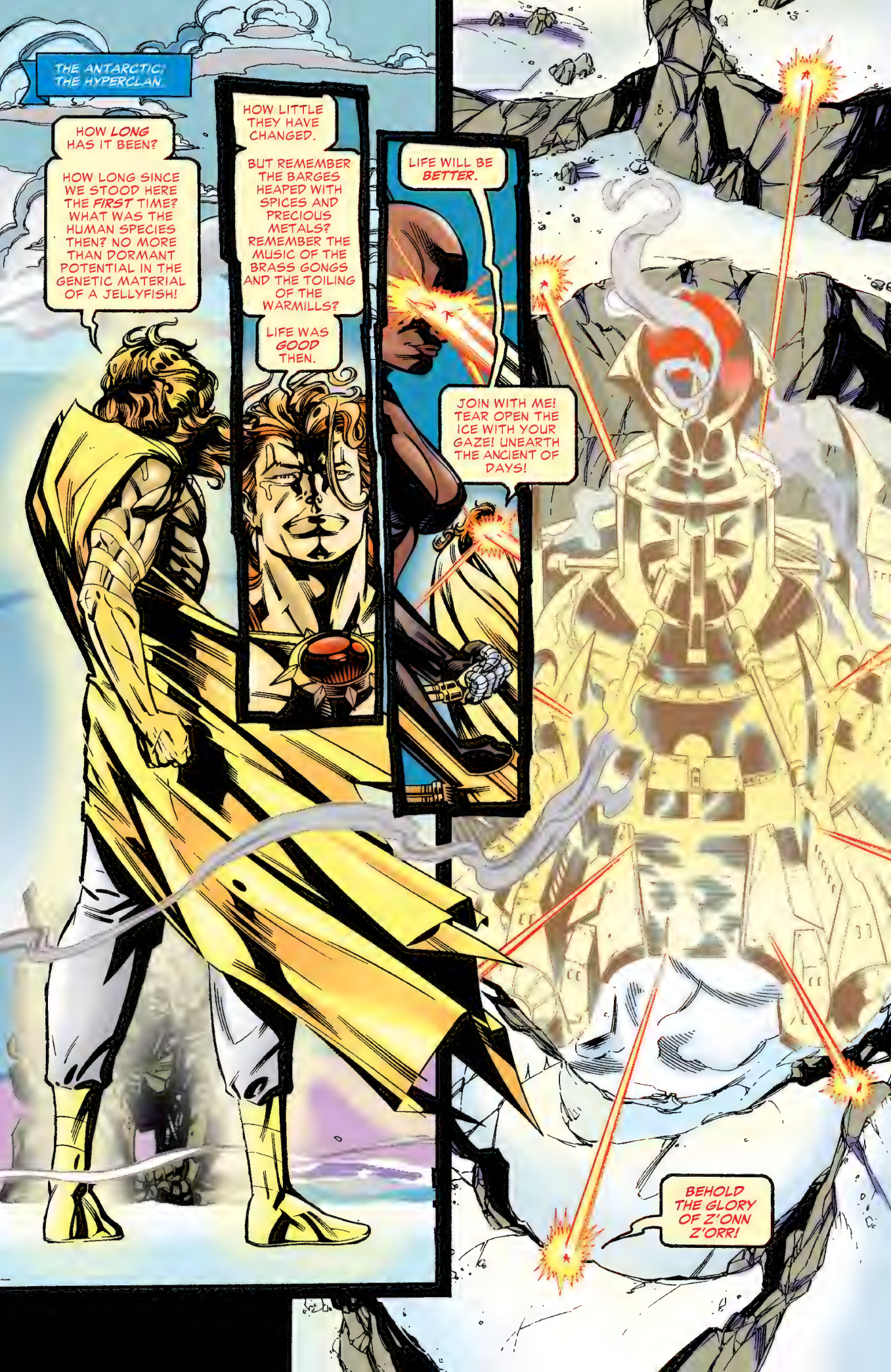
IT'S THEM! IT HAS TO BE! THE HYPER-CLAN.
PANG
BUT WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE...
PANG
THEY'RE ON THE HULL, WHOEVER THEY ARE.
THEY'RE RIGHT ON THE HULL!
PANG
HULL BREACH!
EVERYBODY OUT! SEAL OFF THE MONITOR ROOM!
LISTEN, I THINK I CAN GET EVERYONE BACK HOME SAFELY! THE SATELLITE'S FINISHED!
I'M SURE I CAN GET US BACK.
FORGET IT. YOU THINK THESE CHARACTERS ARE JUST GONNA LET YOU WALTZ OUT OF HERE WITH US IN A BIG GREEN BUBBLE?
LEAVE THE ESCAPE PLAN TO ME, KID.
YOU HOLD OFF THE BAD GUYS.
I DON'T DO BUBBLES. THAT WAS THE OLD GUY.
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?
ARE YOU THE MAN WITH THE RING?
GO GET 'EM, GREEN LANTERN.


UH, WONDER WOMAN... I, UH... I'M PROBABLY GONNA NEED SOME BACK UP OUT THERE...
IT'S "DIANA".
DON'T STAND ON CEREMONY, GL -- WE'RE IN THE SAME LEAGUE.
SAYS YOU.
I CAN'T HANDLE THIS. IT'S LIKE PLAYING WITH THE BEATLES...
A BRIEF HISS OF AIR AS THE GREEN PLASMA SEALS AROUND HIM AND BEGINS TO PHOTOSYNTHESIZE OXYGEN, AND THEN THE DEAD SILENCE OF SPACE.
A SILENCE AS BIG AS EVERYTHING.

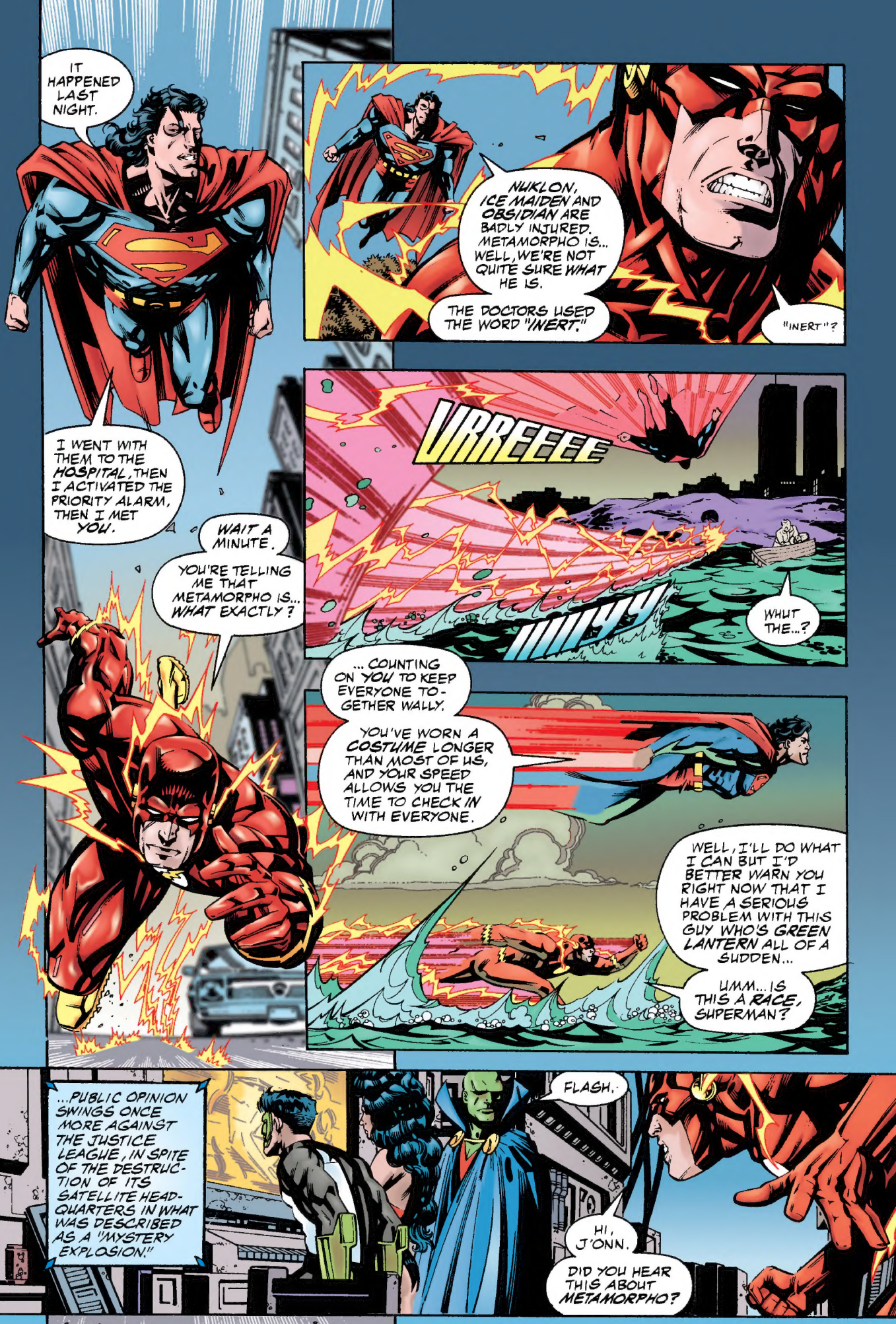
NOTHING'S WORKING!
EVERYTHING'S DEAD! INCLUDING THE ESCAPE SHUTTLES.
WE CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS. WE'RE THE... JUSTICE LEAGUE.
WE WON'T DIE. WE DON'T NEED A SHUTTLE.
GET IN A GROUP, LIKE I'M TAKING YOUR PICTURE.
SAY "CHEESE."
REX?
HOLD ON A SECOND HERE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GENERATE ENOUGH OXYGEN TO KEEP YOU ALIVE BUT THIS IS GONNA BE ONE HELL OF A BUMPY RIDE, FOLKS.
YOU CAN'T DO THIS, REX.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIT THE ATMOSPHERE? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND?
A CHEERLEADER YOU AIN'T, AL.
NOW SHUT UP AND HOLD TIGHT, WILLYA?
LET'S GO.
RAAAAAA


COOL GREEN PLASMA FLOWS OVER HIS SKIN, MAINTAINING HIS TEMPERATURE, SIPHONING OFF SWEAT, MONITORING MUSCLE TONE, REPELLING MICRO-METEORITES.
HE THINKS GREEN THOUGHTS.
AND HIS THOUGHTS BECOME THINGS.
WORKING THE RING IS LIKE GIVING UP CIGARETTES.
HE FEELS LIKE A SIXTY-A-DAY MAN.
AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IT'S ALL OVER.
GREEN SILENCE.
THE PLASMA SENDS TINY ALARM SHOCKS THROUGH HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM.
HE TURNS, SEES HER MOUTHING THE WORDS-- "GREAT HERA."
"GREAT HERA," SHE SAYS
"I CAN'T HOLD IT!"


HE LIPREADS HER SCREAMS, "IT'S FALLING APART!"
"IT'S FALLING APART!"
FANTASTIC DEBRIS SPILLS INTO THE DARKNESS; SPIRIT JARS, A GIANT HOURGLASS, DEADLY PLAYING CARDS, ALL THE TROPHIES OF COUNTLESS FORGOTTEN ADVENTURES, EMPTIED INTO A WELL OF ENDLESS INK.
KANJAR RO'S GAMMA GONG SLICES OVERHEAD, AND IS GONE.
REX! META-MORPHO!
I'M TRYING TO HELP COOL HIM DOWN BUT I DON'T THINK HE CAN HEAR ME ANYMORE.
HE CAN'T DO THIS...
TEFLON... HOW D'YOU MAKE TEFLON SHIELDING? CARBON... FLUORINE... COME ON!... I CAN'T AFFORD TO... POLYMER CHAINS...
CAN'T... CANNNNN
SSSSAAAPPHIRE!


THE ANTARCTIC. THE HYPERCLAN.
HOW *LONG* HAS IT BEEN?
HOW LONG SINCE WE STOOD HERE THE *FIRST* TIME? WHAT WAS THE HUMAN SPECIES THEN? NO MORE THAN DORMANT POTENTIAL IN THE GENETIC MATERIAL OF A JELLYFISH!
HOW LITTLE THEY HAVE CHANGED.
BUT REMEMBER THE BARGES HEAPED WITH SPICES AND PRECIOUS METALS? REMEMBER THE MUSIC OF THE BRASS GONGS AND THE TOILING OF THE WARMILLS?
LIFE WAS *GOOD* THEN.
LIFE WILL BE *BETTER*.
JOIN WITH ME! TEAR OPEN THE ICE WITH YOUR GAZE! UNEARTH THE ANCIENT OF DAYS!
BEHOLD THE GLORY OF Z'ONN Z'ORR!

REX!
:SPLAFF!:
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?!
I THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF SHOCK-ABSORBING FLUID...
HE'S TRYING TO PROTECT US FROM THE...
OH MY...
WHUU
SHRRZZZZZZZZZZ


IT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT.
NUKLON, ICE MAIDEN AND OBSIDIAN ARE BADLY INJURED. METAMORPHO IS... WELL, WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE WHAT HE IS.
THE DOCTORS USED THE WORD "INERT."
"INERT"?
I WENT WITH THEM TO THE HOSPITAL, THEN I ACTIVATED THE PRIORITY ALARM, THEN I MET YOU.
WAIT A MINUTE.
YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT METAMORPHO IS... WHAT EXACTLY?
VRREEEE
WHUT THE...?
... COUNTING ON YOU TO KEEP EVERYONE TOGETHER WALLY.
YOU'VE WORN A COSTUME LONGER THAN MOST OF US, AND YOUR SPEED ALLOWS YOU THE TIME TO CHECK IN WITH EVERYONE.
WELL, I'LL DO WHAT I CAN BUT I'D BETTER WARN YOU RIGHT NOW THAT I HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM WITH THIS GUY WHO'S GREEN LANTERN ALL OF A SUDDEN...
UMM... IS THIS A RACE, SUPERMAN?
...PUBLIC OPINION SWINGS ONCE MORE AGAINST THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, IN SPITE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ITS SATELLITE HEADQUARTERS IN WHAT WAS DESCRIBED AS A "MYSTERY EXPLOSION."
FLASH.
HI, J'ONN.
DID YOU HEAR THIS ABOUT METAMORPHO?

IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE MAN IN THE STREET IS MORE INCENSED BY THE IMPLICATION THAT THE HYPERCLAN MAY HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN THE DISASTER.
PROTEX, NAMED "THE SEXIEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE" BY READERS OF THE SUNDAY PLANET MAGAZINE, SPOKE EXCLUSIVELY TO WGBS.
"THE JUSTICE LEAGUE SEEMS HELLBENT ON MANUFACTURING A CONFRONTATION.
"I PRAY IT NEEDN'T COME TO THAT.
"I WOULD RATHER WE WERE ALLIES IN THE SERVICE OF THIS WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE."
MORNING, EVERYONE.
I SPOKE TO PROTEX LAST NIGHT. HE DENIED ANY HYPERCLAN INVOLVEMENT IN WHAT HAPPENED. HE WAS LYING.
HE'S LYING NOW.
I CAN'T HELP THINKING, "WHAT IF THEY'RE RIGHT?" WHAT IF WE HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH?
THEY'VE TAKEN LIVES, THEY'VE CREATED SUPERFICIAL DISPLAYS OF POWER...
UH... IS EVERYBODY IN?
AQUAMAN HASN'T RESPONDED. WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR BATMAN.
NO SURPRISES THE...
I'M HERE.
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR.
DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE IT, BUT GOTHAM'S BEEN... QUIET.

STRANGE. I DIDN'T HEAR YOUR HEARTBEAT.
HH! GADGET WORKED.
ARE YOU ABLE TO DETECT MICROWAVES, SUPERMAN?
NO PROBLEM.
INCREASED ACTIVITY ON THE 7Hz WAVELENGTH. TRANSMITTING FROM A NUMBER OF CONCEALED ORBITAL SOURCES.
THE HUMAN BRAIN OPERATES ON THE 7Hz FREQUENCY...
MIND CONTROL.
THIS IS A PLANNED INVASION. WE'RE FACING AN UNKNOWN, IMMENSELY POWERFUL ENEMY. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY THERE ARE AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT.
FIRST BLOOD GOES TO THEM BUT NOW IT'S OUR TURN.
MY SUGGESTION IS THIS: WE MAKE PLANS, WE MOVE FAST AND WE HIT HARD.
THIS IS WAR!
NEXT: THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL!